

The Chocolate Raisin Production Line

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The Chocolate Raisin Production Line

by [dontrollthedice](#)

Summary

Inspired by Skeppy's video on sending Bad an absurd amount of pizza and fueled by a feeling he didn't know what to do with yet, Dream comes up with what he believes to be the best prank of all time.

His friends are less than amused.

There weren't a lot of times people hit Skeppy up with an idea for a prank—no, it was usually the other way around. Maybe Techno or A6d would contribute their ideas to flesh out the prank, but those occasions were few and far between to the point he taught himself to never expect a prank idea from anyone else.

Least of all Dream.

"Okay, so," Skeppy said into his microphone, "what's this prank idea you've been hyping me up for? It'd better be a good one if it was important enough to wake me up early for it..."

Dream chuckled, the excitement in his voice audible even through headphones. "You know how you did that prank on Bad with the thin-crust pizzas, right?"

"Right."

"And you know how George bought chocolate raisins on one of my videos, right?"

That prompted Skeppy to scrape through his memories, one by one. Eventually, he answered yes.

"So, what if I made a bunch of chocolate raisins and sent them to George as a prank?"

What?

Skeppy stared at his computer screen.

This had to be the prank itself. There was no way Dream, one of the smartest people in his life, thought something like this was a prank.

"Are you joking?" Skeppy sighed, rubbing his face against his palms. "This has to be a joke."

"What do you mean?"

God. The confusion in his voice was so obvious. Dream was either the smartest stupidest person he knew or the best actor of the century.

"Dream, what you're suggesting isn't a prank. You're just giving your friend a gift."

"Then what about that time you ordered pizza for—"

"That's the difference. Bad hates thin-crust pizza, George loves chocolate raisins."

"Still the same prank, right?"

Skeppy muted himself before sinking into his seat with a sigh. Dream still rambled on about the workings of his "prank," but he couldn't find it in himself to care.

How was he supposed to respond to this? He was a troller on Minecraft for a living, not a relationship counselor. *Especially* not a relationship counselor for whatever the fuck was going on between Dream and George. He tried his best to stay out of that one.

Okay. No big deal. He was just talking to his buddy Dream, who he loved dearly. Probably. He just had to be calm and truthful. Truthful and calm. Calm...

"Listen, dude," he began, "I know I troll people a lot, but I'm not the right person to ask for help on this. Sorry. Why don't you ask Bad or Sapnap or someone who knows George better than I do?"

Dream sighed so forlornly that Skeppy almost felt bad. Almost. "Alright, thanks though. Sorry for waking you up."

"It's cool. See you."

"Bye."

Silence. Dim light filtered in through the blinds of the window in his room, and at that moment, he felt smaller than a speck of dirt.

Then he burst into laughter.

What did he just narrowly miss getting himself dragged into?

"So, let me get this straight," Bad said, "You want to play a prank on George, correct?"

"Yes."

"And your idea of this prank is to send him a bunch of chocolate raisins you made yourself. No tricks, no additions, just chocolate raisins."

"Yup."

Bad stared at his computer screen with furrowed eyebrows and the most intense feeling of confusion he's felt in a long time.

He appreciated having Dream as his friend, of course. Even through all the bad memes and jokes, Dream was still pretty high up on Bad's list of people he loved. But sometimes, some of his ideas were less than stellar...

"Dream, are you sure that's a prank?" Bad asked. "It sounds more like you just want to give George a gift."

Dream groaned. "Ugh, Skeppy said the same thing. What's so bad about my prank?"

"It's just... nevermind. What did you need from me?"

"Oh, right!" Dream's tone took such a quick turn that Bad felt dizzy from it. "Do you have experience with making chocolate raisins? I figured I'd ask you since you're the one with the most experience relating to that."

Aw. That made Bad smile. It almost made him feel bad for what he was gonna say next.

"Well... I can't say I've ever made chocolate raisins before, but I can link you to some sites that I find are pretty reputable. I'm sure they have a chocolate raisin recipe on there somewhere."

Thankfully, Dream's tone stayed the same. "Great! Thanks for the help, man."

"I'll send them to you sometime today, okay? I have to walk my dog."

"Alright, see you later."

The call ended there, and Bad was left to wonder what Dream had just asked of him.

Maybe he should figure that out before sending any links.

Bad took a deep breath before hitting the call button on someone else's profile. Soon, the person on the other end answered.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Skeppy, are you streaming?" Bad asked. He spoke again when Skeppy said no. "Answer one question for me. Did Dream come to you about some prank about chocolate raisins?"

There was a pause before Skeppy sighed. There was an audible bang on the other end of the call that Bad could only assume was him banging his fist on a table.

Finally, Skeppy spoke.

"Oh my god, he's going through with it. What did he say to you?"

"What's the best meltable chocolate you guys have over there?"

"Dream, it's four in the morning over here. Why are you asking me about chocolate?"

"I wanna make a deal."

A6d set his phone on the nightstand next to him and stifled a groan. He already wasn't known for having a particularly long fuse, and now that he was woken up at fuck o'clock, the fuse was cut short; Dream was testing his patience.

He grabbed his phone and held it up to his ear. "Okay. Fine. What is it?"

"If I give you the money for you to buy and ship some French chocolate chips to me, would you do it? No expenses to you and I'll pay you for your time."

"What's this for?"

"A prank. Bad sent me some links for chocolate raisin recipes, but I need the best chocolate I can get. I did a bit of research and figured the best chocolate would be in France, but none of the companies I was interested in shipped to where I am in the time frame I want them to. I thought I'd ask you to be the middle man."

A6d slammed his phone down on the nightstand again.

He loved his friends. He really did. But sometimes his friends were... harder to love than at other times.

Okay. Whatever. He might as well just get this over with. Dream was his friend, after all.

He held his phone up to his ear and said, "What kind of chocolate do you need?"

Dream paused. "What would you recommend, actually?"

"Dream."

"Semisweet if you have it. If not, then surprise me with either milk or dark."

"I'm sure I can get semisweet. I'll get it sometime this week."

"Okay. I'll send the money to you over PayPal. What do you want as payment for your time?"

He chuckled. "What do I want as payment?"

"Yeah."

"For you to never wake me up like this again. Goodnight, Dream." A6d tapped on the end call button before Dream could say anything in response.

He should probably apologize for that. Maybe. But first, he had to figure out what was going on with Dream in the first place.

He scrolled through his contacts on TeamSpeak and tapped on one. Luckily, the person on the other end didn't take long to connect.

"A6d? Why'd you call? What time is it over there?"

"Bad. Hi. Tell me why Dream just called me at four asking about chocolate."

"Hey, Sapnap! Welcome to Walmart."

"Dream, I know what a Walmart is."

"Welcome anyway."

Sapnap was always happy to call his friends while they did various errands together. That was just the adult way of hanging out, apparently. But video calls were less common, especially ones out of nowhere and especially from Dream.

"Hey, um," Sapnap started, "not to be rude or anything, but why'd you video call me? You almost never do that."

Dream's camera panned over to a shelf of ribbons hanging on white poles. They all seemed to be by the same brand, but their colors ranged from red to black to spotted yellow. "The chocolate A6d got for me is coming tomorrow. Help me pick out a ribbon for George."

Not the weirdest thing Dream has said by far. He could roll with this.

Sapnap opened Google on his phone and searched up a color wheel. "I mean, he can't see red, right? Green is kinda funky, too. I'd stick to blue unless you know exactly what color those translate into for George."

"But which one?"

"I don't know, man. I don't think he would care all that much."

"Dark blue, light blue, striped blue, or spotted blue?"

"Ooh, spotted blue."

"A lot?"

"However much you feel like."

"You think this is enough to make a ribbon?" Dream's hand cut into frame, holding one of the packages containing the ribbon

Sapnap gave him a thumbs up. "Looks good, man. Is that the only thing you're here for?"

"Actually, yeah. You mind if I take my leave here?"

"Not at all. See you, man."

"Later."

The call ended there, and Sapnap continued pouring out food for his pets.

... Actually, he should probably confirm something before going back to everyday life.

When he opened TeamSpeak, A6d was already in a channel with Bad and Skeppy. It shouldn't be too unusual if he joined in. He joined and held his phone up to his ear.

"Hey, sorry to interrupt," Sapnap said after the chorus of greetings, "but are any of you streaming right now?"

"I finished a stream, like, ten minutes ago," Skeppy said.

"Good. Now, A6d, do you mind explaining why Dream said he's getting chocolates from you?"

Silence.

Then everyone started talking.

"Oh, yeah," George said, "Dream, the thing you gave me arrived today. I wasn't sure if you wanted me to open it by myself, so..."

All sound in the TeamSpeak channel stopped. Everyone had muted their microphones, and it occurred to Dream that maybe he shouldn't have made this such a public endeavor.

"Yeah, just open it now," Dream said, fighting to keep his voice steady.

"I was really scared to open it since I thought it'd be glitter or something. Did you mean to send me a bunch of chocolate raisins in a jar?"

"Well, duh. Who else in this world likes chocolate raisins?"

George chuckled, a move that couldn't have been healthy for Dream's heart. "Thank you. I wasn't expecting you to buy me chocolate raisins of all things."

It wasn't bought, Dream thought. His gaze wandered to the list of people on the TeamSpeak. Damn it. He owed it to them. "Actually, it... wasn't bought."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah. I, um... pitched the idea to Skeppy first, then asked Bad for some recipes, got A6d to send me some chocolates, and got Sapnap to help me with picking out the ribbon. So really, you should be thanking them. I was just the organizer."

"Oh, no need for that," Bad said. When did he unmute? "Just tell Dream that you love him, and we'll be good."

George smacked Bad's character in the game, and his voice was quieter. "What? No."

"Give up on it, Bad," Dream sighed, "George just doesn't love me. It's okay, I know you love me, and I love you, too."

"Aw," Bad said. The grin in his voice was audible. "Thanks."

"Actually, I love Dream the most here," Sapnap said. His character in the game shifted and threw a leaf block in his direction.

Dream snickered and switched his items to hold the leaf block in his hand. "Sapnap, you gave me a leaf block."

"It was the only thing I had. Are you rejecting my love?"

"No, not at all. I love you."

"I love you, too, man."

"Sapnap, you gave him a leaf block?" A6d said. "Dream deserves better. Here." His character passed an item down from the ceiling of an unfinished building.

Dream picked it up.

It was a fucking dirt block.

They were definitely fucking with him. He just couldn't tell in what way yet. For now, he supposed he would go along with it. George had fallen silent anyway, and they were supposed to be working on the farm together. It's not like he had anything better to do.

Dream laughed and moved the dirt block to his hotbar. "Oh my god, thank you so much."

"Dreeaam," Skeppy called from who knew where. He was delegated the task of finding food, but none of them had seen him in three in-game days. "I love you, man. So much. You're cute. Probably."

"Thank you, I love you, too."

Then everyone fell silent, holding their breaths as if they were waiting for something. But what?

Dream jumped when George's character punched him with seeds in his hand. "Ow, what was that for?"

"I love you," George said, the words tumbling out of his mouth in one breath. He punched him again one more time before turning away to plant the seeds.

Dream's breath hitched. Warmth flooded to his cheeks, and his hand shot up to hide the grin on his face. God, his heart was gonna explode. It was going to explode right here, and his friends were going to watch him die in real time.

"I love you, too," Dream managed to say. And he meant it. With all of his heart.

Silence.

Then, Skeppy said, "Are we just gonna ignore Dream saying 'ow' when his Minecraft character got hurt?"

Everyone burst into chatter again, and the tension evaporated. Soon, Dream's heart began to step onto firmer ground from the tightrope it had been on.

Did George notice?

... Probably not. His friends definitely had, but not him.

Thankfully.

Later, when Dream opened a package full of his favorite things that he knew for a fact he only told one person in the world about, George would deny all involvement with it.

George definitely noticed.

This time, Dream didn't mind.

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